

The Manchester Journal.

NUMBER 45.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1874.

VOLUME XIII

The Manchester Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
BY D. K. SIMONDS,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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FACTORY POINT, 1871 MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

THE COHANSEY TEA-FIGHT.

It is pouring cats and dogs," said Violet looking out of the window at the storm. There isn't a bit of use in thinking of it, is there, aunt?

I should say not," answered Aunt Elizabeth. To be sure it may clear up before five o'clock, but unless the weather improves, I think you had better give it up.

Give up what?" asked Grandmother Howell.

Going to Annabella Floyd's tea-fight, I answered.

My dear, said Aunt Elizabeth. She had a horror of slang, and she had never heard this particular phrase, which had just begun to come into use twenty years ago.

A tea-fight! And what is a tea-fight?" asked grandmother.

Oh, a little sociable tea-party all of girls, you know, I explained. Annabella Floyd, across the creek, has one this afternoon, but I am afraid we can't go.

"Umph!" said grandmother. I remember a tea-fight on Colchester Creek going to—it was a man's tea-fight, not a girl's, though a girl helped get it up after all.

Oh, please do tell us about it, grandma," said Violet and I together, and Aunt Elizabeth added: Yes, do, grandmother, it will help to make the time pass pleasantly.

We'll get your work and sit down, and I'll tell you the story, said grandmother, who never could bear to see anyone idle. It all happened in the year 1771. Think of that children. Those willows over there were quite small trees, I remember. After that I never touched it again, and I took a rest dislike to it.

But the scrapping wasn't the worst of it; I began to feel like a fly caught in a spider's web. I could hardly ever get a chance to speak to Lewis—never alone—and Abram was always in my way, hanging round and giving me presents and trying to make himself agreeable. Aunt Betsy watched me as a cat watches a mouse, and by and by it began to be said about the village that I was engaged to Abram. I told Emma Parvin, who was my most intimate friend before him, that he was a scoundrel, and a very vicious boy, and that he would never marry her. But Abram was a good friend to both of us and used to carry our letters back and forth. Then every morning at just such an hour Lewis used to wave his handkerchief out of his window and I used to wave one out of mine. So we knew that all was well.

Aunt Elizabeth had looked uneasy for a few minutes, and as grandma paused to take up a stitch, she said:

Some people would say that it was not very wise to be putting love stories into the heads of these young girls.

Grandma looked up, and her still bright eyes twinkled a little.

Elizabeth said she: does thee know that the white kitten had her nose in the cream this morning?

Yes, answered Aunt Elizabeth; I saw her.

Did thee show her the way to the milk?

Elizabeth said: I did, and she layed them on the bed. I took them just as they were, and opening the window, I dropped them out and saw them fall plump into the tub of rain-water underneath—for then, instead of terrors, we had great troughs standing under the eaves. It was a silly thing to do, but I was so worked up I didn't care one pin. Once I saw Aunt Betsy in a rage. She scolded me roundly, and ended by declaring that I should be married to him if he might keep his gifts to himself, and went upstairs to my room, where presently Aunt Betsy came bringing the shawl and the satin.

She had better put these things away!

I took them across the creek, and took on with James Whitecar, who had a deal of stock and horses. James did well by him, for Lewis was very knowable in such matters, and when Aunt Betsy's furniture was put in, it looked very well, only there was always a stiff, scimped look, and a musty, woolly smell about it. Abram was friend, as his father had been before him, but he wasn't very zealous in religious matters, and had the name of sitting very close to the world and its goods.

However, his character was good, and when he was at school, though I don't think he was very apt, he did well.

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